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INFORMATION BEFORE READ

THIS STORY CONTAINS SPOILERS. I recommend reading the original series by Erin Hunter before reading this. Even if it's only the first arc, it's better than having everything spoiled. It will also give you a better understanding of things in this story.

Inclined text represents a character's thoughts or a word or phrase being emphasized.

Bold text will typically be used for author notes, change of setting, or emphasizing a word or phrase in a character's thoughts. Quick sound words that come out of nowhere will be written in bold as well. E.G: **THUD!**

(AN) - Author's Note

⚠I DO NOT OWN WARRIORS.⚠THIS IS A FANFICTION. I only came up with the concept of this happening to the characters, and then wrote the story. All credits go to Erin Hunter and the Warriors team!

Prologue

A cat stalked through the thick undergrowth of this forbidden place, amber eyes shining. *The place of no stars.*

The gray and white tom slowly stalked toward a large puddle. He looked in to see the forest of the living world. He growled to himself in delight, "Perfect.."

Elsewhere in the living world, a raging battle was dying down. The Dark Forest cats had retreated; all except Tigerstar. The gray tom knew Tigerstar was powerful, but he didn't believe his former apprentice would survive.

He dropped a large tuft of dark brown fur into the puddle with his red stained muzzle. "I have no doubt you'll succeed with another chance..." The tom smirked maniacally, then stomped his paw on the fur. He had done so just in time, because not a second later he felt the fur fade away. Tigerstar was dead, but he was about to be reborn...

A dark brown tabby tom woke up and looked around. But it was different than usual... He remembered so much that hadn't yet happened... or had it? *What... How am I back?* He got up and walked out of what looked to be a den.

Looking around, he saw cats wandering around a clearing. There was a blue-gray she-cat on a large rock. He repressed a snarl and went back in the den. *Bluestar.*

I'm back, Firestar. You won't win this time.

(AN) This was in the description but I'm saying it here too, I

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~~Chapter 1~~

A ginger tomcat felt something stroking his back as he purred. Catching a wiff of whatever was petting him, he realized where he was. Wearily, he lifted his head and looked up to see a female Twoleg staring into his emerald green eyes. He got up, confused, and looked around frantically for his clanmates. All he could see was the walls of a Twoleg nest, surrounding him on all sides.

The tom ran out of the cat flap as fast as he could go, tripping over his own tail. "Ow... That hurt.." he mewed. He looked down and realized he was smaller than he last saw. *No...* he thought. *Have I.. been sent back to the past??* He shook the thought off, getting up to groom his fur.

As he finished grooming himself, a strangely familiar voice called to him, "Hey Rusty!" Rusty looked up and saw a black and white tom, about the same age as him. He couldn't put his paw on it, but he felt like he knew this cat.

Wait, is it.. SMUDGE! Rusty purred in delight, then immediately stopped himself, realizing he needed to act cool. "Oh, hey Smudge!" Rusty meowed happily.

"You're not going into the woods, are you?" Smudge asked, his eyes huge. Rusty thought he looked funny when he was concerned, but he didn't mention it.

Instead, Rusty thought about his answer, unlike the first time they had this conversation. "I'll only be gone for a little," he promised, knowing he wasn't lying.

"You wouldn't get me in there. It's dangerous!" Smudge said, exasperated. "Henry said he went into the woods once," he said, gesturing with his nose to where Henry lived.

Immediately, Rusty tried thinking of who Henry was, but he

couldn't remember!

Silence filled the air. Awkwardly, Smudge continued, "I heard there's wild cats out there! They sharpen their claws on old bones and kill kits for fun!"

Rusty still didn't respond, thinking. *It's not true though! There are some bad cats out there.. sure... Still though, they're not like that!*

When Rusty didn't respond twice in a row, Smudge worriedly mewed, "Are you okay, Rusty?"

"Y-yeah, I'm fine.. I'm going into the forest now... Bye." Rusty replied, leaping up and over his fence facing the forest and landing clumsily. *I really need to get used to my old body...* he thought.

As he began trotting into the forest, he could faintly here Smudge mumbling something, though he couldn't make it out. Suddenly, he saw a flash of gray in the undergrowth. *Maybe I at least have my hunting skills... No.. I need to get used to this body to bounce and balance properly. Even if I could, I don't want to make Bluestar even more angry than she was when I told her 'I'm sure there's enough to go around.*

Getting into a hunting crouch, Rusty took a light step forward. He was slowly getting used to his old body again! Suddenly, he heard a loud crack and the mouse darted away. He peaked out his head and saw a red tail with a white tip prowling through the undergrowth. He remembered this part now. *Must be a fox, that's what it was that day!*

All his senses were proned to the fox, then he remembered. He quickly turned his head to his right just in time to see a flash of gray barreling into him. *AGHH GRAYSTRIPE!* Rusty quickly knocked off his attacker and fled. Fled as fast as he could. Swiftly, he turned around and shot straight back. However, the gray cat seemed to expect this, and stood on his hind legs ready to slam down onto Rusty's head. *Wait- Wha?*

THUD

AH.. You really did it this time! With all of the strength he had, Rusty pushed up and hit his old friend in the jaw with a sheathed paw. The gray cat stumbled back, then sat down and began to groom himself. Knowing the fight was over, Rusty sat down as well and began to lick his paw before drawing it over his ear.

The gray cat lifted his head and Rusty thought he saw him mouth *'Firestar'.* Rusty's eyes grew wide in shock, but he quickly forced them to go back to normal, knowing who was watching. "Hi there, kittypet! You put up quite the fight for a tame kitty." the gray tomcat, about his size, meowed.

"And I'll fight you again if I have to," Rusty said, remembering how this chat played out.

"I'm Graypaw, what's your name?" the gray tom meowed, changing the lines of how the chat last went. "I'm training to be a Thunderclan warrior," Graypaw said proudly.

Rusty didn't know what to say once again, even with the knowledge he held now.

"What is a twoleg pet like you doing out in the forest anyways?" Graypaw asked, though it was clear he wasn't confused.

Ok, what's going on here? Did he travel back in time too or not?! Rusty thought silently. "I'm exploring the forest, maybe I'll try catching a mouse or two." Rusty responded, though he knew he wouldn't be doing anymore hunting today. *Should not have said that! Bluestar's gonna be even angrier! I was literally trying to not make her angry! Wait.. that'll be a great chance to prove my bravery! She can be real intimidating, but I'll withstand it.*

Rusty snapped out of it and listened to Graypaw, "Well, that hunting crouch was perfect! However, I can't let you do that. This is Thunderclan territory." Rusty felt his tone shift back to slight hostility, then Graypaw continued with a more worried tone, "I smell cats from my clan! You should get out of here, they won't be pleased to find you hunting in our territory!"

Rusty knew what was coming, but didn't move. "But I don't smell

anything.." he protested just like the first time.

Before Graypaw could argue, a firm voice broke in from behind Rusty, "What's going on here?" When Rusty turned, he saw a blue-gray she-cat approach them both from the undergrowth. Rusty immediately recognized who it was, with her magnificent coat that shone almost silver in the moonlight.

"Bluestar!" Graypaw exclaimed, immediately crouching down and narrowing his eyes. Rusty did so instinctively which confused the she-cat but not Graypaw.

A golden tabby tom with a large mane also entered the small clearing. Graypaw bowed even more than before at this. Rusty's thoughts were going 100 miles per hour. *Oh my gosh! I get to see Lionheart and Bluestar again from under silverpelt! I wonder if Bluestar will invite me to the clan again.... I can see Sandstorm again! But wait.. Tigerstar....* Rusty growled to himself at that last thought, but listened to the golden tabby.

"You shouldn't be so near Twolegplace, Graypaw!" the tom scolded angrily, through green slits for eyes.

"I know, Lionheart, I'm sorry." Graypaw mewed, ears pinned back slightly.

Ignoring Lionheart's scolding, Bluestar looked at Rusty and asked Graypaw, "Who is this?"

"He's no threat!" Graypaw responded quickly, "He's just a twoleg pet from beyond our territory, not another clan warrior."

Rusty felt anger grow inside of him at being called 'twoleg pet,' especially from his old friend! Bluestar must've seen it in his eyes because she gave him a fierce look, making him turn his head away.

Graypaw hissed to Rusty under his breath, "That's Bluestar! She's leader of my clan! And that's Lionheart. He's my mentor, meaning he's training me to be a warrior. "

"I know," Rusty mumbled to himself, though Graypaw seemed to hear.

"Thank you for the introduction, Graypaw." Lionheart meowed coolly.

Bluestar, still staring at Rusty, meowed to him, "You fight well for a Twoleg pet." Bluestar seemed slightly surprised to not get confused glances out of them, but little did she know, they both knew what was going on. "We wondered how you would deal with an intruder, Graypaw. You attacked him bravely." she continued.

"Sit up now, both of you!" She kept her gaze held on Rusty, "You too, kittypet." Rusty fixed his posture and held Bluestar's gaze. "You reacted well to the attack, kittypet. Graypaw is stronger than you, but you used your wits to defend yourself. And you turned to face him when he chased you. I have not seen a kittypet do that before."

Rusty nodded in acknowledgement, and was prepared for her next words. He only acted shocked, but really wasn't.

"I have been wondering how you would perform out here, beyond the Twolegplace. We patrol this border frequently, so I have often seen you sitting on your boundary, staring out into the forest. And now, at last, you dared place your paws here." She stared at him thoughtfully before going on, "You do seem to have a natural hunting ability. Sharp eyes. You would have caught that mouse if you had not hesitated so long."

"Really?" Rusty asked, trying to sound surprised.

Lionheart interrupted them, "Bluestar, this is a kittypet. Send him home to his Twolegs!"

"Send me home? But I've only come out here for a mouse or two.. I'm sure there's enough to go around!" Rusty stated, trying not to change too much, but ready for the anger.

Bluestar's acknowledging gaze snapped from Lionheart to Rusty, turning into pure rage. "There's never enough to go around. If you didn't live such a soft, overfed life, you'd know that!" she spat.

Rusty held her gaze, not flinching. Lionheart padded over to Bluestar and sat next to his leader. Both cats had threatening stares

but Rusty remained calm. "Well?" Blustar hissed at him, getting closer.

"I am no threat to your clan," Rusty mewed, finally letting his ears lie back slightly as he lowered his gaze.

"You threaten our clan when you take our food," Bluestar meowed loud and firm. "You have plenty of food in your Twoleg nest already. You come here only to hunt for sport. But we hunt to survive."

Rusty straightened up and spoke, "I have not thought of it that way, I'm sorry. I will not hunt here again." He looked her in the eyes and he saw her calming down after he said that.

"You are an unusual kittypet, Rusty," Bluestar meowed, a hint of approval in her voice.

Rusty shifted uncomfortably after seeing the meaningful glance between Lionheart and Bluestar. He knew what he had to do to get into the clan so he spoke. "Is survival here really that hard?" he asked, though he knew the answer.

"Our territory covers only part of the forest. We compete with other clans for what we have. And this year, late newleaf means prey is scarce." Bluestar answered smoothly.

"Is your clan really big?" Rusty asked.

Bluestar replied once again, "Big enough. Our territory can support us, but there is no prey leftover." Rusty could see worry in her blue eyes.

"And you're all warriors?"

Lionheart spoke this time, "Some are warriors. Some are too young or too old or too busy caring for kits to hunt."

"And you all live and share prey together?"

Bluestar looked at Lionheart once again before she returned her gaze to Rusty. "Perhaps you should find out these things for

yourself. Would you like to join Thunderclan?" she mewed coolly.

Yes! I did it! Rusty didn't respond. He just stared wide-eyed at Bluestar in fake astonishment.

(AN) Well? What do you think of the first chapter? Do you like it? Comment your opinion of my first fanfiction so far! I hope you like it!

~~Chapter 2~~

(AN) Sorry for the wait between chapters! I got better from my sickness of some sort and feeling great now. That along with laziness and New Years made it hard to continue the story. Sorry about my laziness. Anyways, I hope you enjoy this chapter!

Slowly opening his eyes, Rusty stifled a yawn. Immediately realizing what was going on, he excitedly shot up. "Today's the big day!" he yowled to himself as he ran out of the cat flap in the door.

A voice broke him out of his excitement, "What's the occasion, Rusty? Why are you so excited all of the sudden?"

Rusty looked up to see Smudge, which he expected, sitting on the fence that bordered their gardens. His tail and ears drooped. He didn't want to have to tell Smudge what was going on again. "Well.. I uh... So you know how I went into the forest last night?- And the wild cats, right?" Smudge nodded curiously. "Well, they invited me to join their clan..." Rusty mewed, shuffling his paws nervously.

Smudge's tail flicked in disbelief as he meowed, "What! Why would they do that?"

"I don't know," Rusty lied, he knew for certain this time. However, he answered with what he said the first time Smudge asked this question, "I think they need extra paws in their clan."

"Sounds a bit odd if you ask me. I wouldn't trust them if I were you." mewed Smudge doubtfully.

Rusty let out a quiet purr, "But I do trust them. And I've made up my mind, I'm going to join them."

Smudge stared at Rusty in disbelief once again before hastily scrambling down the fence to stand in front of him. "Please don't go, Rusty," he mewed, wide eyed and with alarm in his voice. He was clearly concerned for his friend's safety. "I might never see you again..."

Nudging Smudge affectionately with his head, Rusty tried reassuring him. "It's fine! My Twole- I mean, housefolk will get another cat. You get along with everybody around here, you can get along with them!" he meowed.

Smudge still looked sad as he wailed, "But it won't be the same.."

"That's exactly the point. If I stay around here they'll take me to the cutter, then I won't be the same either," Rusty said with an annoyed flick of his tail.

"The cutter? What's that?" Smudge asked.

"The vet. I'll be altered like Henry," Rusty explained.

"But.. Henry's fine.. Sure he's lazier and all, but he's not unhappy, so we could still have fun together!" Smudge mewed while looking down at his paws.

Rusty felt a tug at his heart and he sadly mewed, "I'm sorry, Smudge. I'll miss you, but I have to go.." Every word was true, even if Smudge didn't know it.

"I know I can't stop you.. But let's at least spend one more morning together." Smudge mewed, this time locking his amber eyes with Rusty's green pair.

The time was sunhigh, and Rusty was enjoying the beautiful morning with his friends. Looking up at the sky, he saw flinched seeing the sun and looked back at his friends again. "Wait! It's sunhigh!" he meowed, shocked. Quickly getting up, he said goodbye

to smudge. The sad mews of the cats he grew up with slowly faded as he made his way into the forest.

Approaching the clearing where he met the three cats, he sniffed the air. *Lionheart. And I'm pretty sure Whitestorm too.* He entered the clearing and pretended to sniff. "You can come out now, Lionheart."

A green pair of eyes locked with Rusty's from the shadows, and the golden tabby tom with a huge mane stepped out of the brambles. "You're a lot better at this than I expected. Now, can you tell if I am alone?"

Rusty pretended to sniff once again, then muttered, "Graypaw and Bluestar aren't with you. But someone else is.." *Whitestorm!*

Lionheart looked astonished at Rusty's scenting ability, clearly not expecting it from a kittypet. "Very good!" Lionheart meowed as a pure white tom with a muscular frame padded over to them from the undergrowth. "This is Whitestorm. He is one of ThunderClan's senior warriors." he purred, nodding to the white tom.

Whitestorm looked at Rusty with his yellow eyes before giving him a curious sniff. Finally, he murmured, "Hello, young one. I've heard a lot about you."

Rusty dipped his head in respect and greeting.

"Come, we can speak more once we are in the camp," Lionheart ordered them. He took off running, and Whitestorm followed.

Rusty quickly got up and raced after them as fast as he could. *To the Dark Forest with these legs! They hold as much use as a dead fox. I can't believe I was able to get around with them!* Rusty panted, but he was determined to get to the old ThunderClan Camp. He even remembered part of the way! Up ahead, there was a gully filled with disgusting muddy water left by a Twoleg tree-eater. Lionheart and Whitestorm waded straight through without a second thought, and Rusty thought he remembered this. It was the first time he put a paw in water. He swiftly followed after, showing no signs of weakness to the older cats.

Eventually, the two older cats halted above a small ravine, waiting for Rusty to catch up. Rusty stopped behind them in a panting, ragged form with his belly fur soaked. "We are very close to our camp now," Lionheart meowed to him. Rusty strained his ears and sniffed the air. Surely enough, the scent of more cats was becoming overpowering. However, he heard nothing but the wind and sparrows.

He nodded to Lionheart as he mewed, "Yes, I can smell many cats."

Lionheart and Whitestorm both gave him thoughtful looks. "There will come a time, if you are accepted into the clan, where you will know each cat scent by name." Lionheart continued quickly, "Follow me!"

They bounded down the ravine and Rusty followed them through lots of gorse. *This is the main entrance to our old camp! I remember this!* Rusty thought excitedly as he looked down to see flattened grass from generations of cats. A huge clearing opened up and Rusty eagerly took in everything with all of his senses. He was back. The home he practically grew up in before The Great Journey. He saw cats he once knew sharing tounges and purring, chatting while sharing prey, and even some sun bathing in peace. This was where he belonged.

"Just after sunhigh, when the day is hottest, is a time for sharing tounges," Lionheart interrupted his thoughts.

"What's sharing tounges?" Rusty asked, though he already knew.

"Clan cats always spend time grooming each other and sharing the news of the day," Whitestorm explained to him. "We call it sharing tounges. It is a custom that binds the members of the Clan together."

Rusty nodded his head in acknowledgement but remained gazing over the clearing. He noticed some cats curiously facing him as they clearly smelled his scent, but he didn't look away. Not this time. He wasn't shy anymore. He knew these cats, even if they didn't know it. He simply smiled and kept looking around. *The nursery.. Warriors'*

den.. Apprentices' den.... I missed that old tree stump. He chuckled in his head at the last thought.

"Over there," Lionheart meowed to Rusty as he flicked his tail to what looked to be a pile of brambles, "is the nursery, where kits are cared for."

Rusty smelt the milky scent of the nursery coming from it, and heard the mewling of kits from inside. A ginger queen came out of it, and he immediately recognized who it was. *Goldenflower.* Another queen, a pale tabby with speckles, appeared from behind the brambles. The two exchanged a quick lick before she slipped inside to comfort the kittens. *Speckletail. She hated me. Maybe I can save Snowkit somehow? I'm not sure how that would change the timeline though...*

Lionheart once again interrupted his thoughts, "The care of our kits is shared by all the queens. All cats serve the clan. Loyalty to the clan is the first law in our warrior code, a lesson you must learn quickly if you wish to stay with us."

"Here comes Bluestar," Whitestorm spoke this time as he sniffed the air.

"He came," Bluestar purred out when she was a tail length from them.

"Lionheart was convinced he would not," Whitestorm replied.

Bluestar's tail tip twitched in impatience, "Well what do you think of him?"

"He kept up well on the return journey, despite his smaller size... He certainly seems strong for a kittypet," admitted Whitestorm in response.

"So it is agreed?" Bluestar asked as she gave a look to Whitestorm and Lionheart. Both of the cats nodded. "Then I shall announce his arrival to the clan." Bluestar yowled through the camp as she leaped onto the Highrock, "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join here beneath the Highrock for a clan meeting."

Immediately cats began to scramble out of their dens and into the clearing, confused looks on their faces as they saw Rusty. Rusty, however, remained calm, he knew what was going to happen, and he was ready. Most cats were seated, but talking amongst themselves. Some were already looking up expectantly at their leader, but Bluestar waited for everyone to calm down.

Once all the cats stopped talking, Bluestar's voice spoke loud and clear, "Thunderclan needs more warriors. Never before have we had so few apprentices in training. It has been decided that ThunderClan will take in an outsider to train as a warrior. . . ."

Cats began muttering to one-another, some giving Rusty a side eye, till Bluestar yowled for silence. Once all noise died down once again, she continued, "I have found a cat who is willing to become an apprentice of ThunderClan."

"*Lucky* to become an apprentice," a howl broke through the crowd. Rusty looked down to see none other than longtail as his young self. Rusty had respect for this tom, but his younger self was a jerk. He quickly decided without thought that he'd shred his ear again like the first time as a lesson.

Bluestar ignored Longtail though, and kept speaking, "Lionheart and Whitestorm have met this young cat , and they agree with me that we should train him with the other apprentices."

A silence blew through the cats, until caterwauling seemingly from StarClan itself broke through the camp. So many questions were being thrown at Bluestar, Rusty thought it would never end though he's been through this part before.

A mocking yowl pierced through the rest of the cats' howls, "Look at his collar! He's a kittypet!" Longtail sneered. "Once a kittypet, always a kittypet. This clan needs wildborn warriors to defend it, not another soft mouth to feed." Rusty felt himself becoming afraid.

"That tabby is Longtail. He smells your fear. They all do. You must prove to him and the other cats that your fear won't hold you back," Lionheart's voice whispered into Rusty's ear.

Rage burned through Rusty and he could feel a fire blazing in his eyes. He remembered who he was. He's no longer the kit he was the first time he joined the clan. Not mentally, anyway. He knew where he belonged now. He would no longer be afraid.

"Your collar is a mark of the Twolegs, and that noisy jingling will make you a poor hunter at best. At worst, it will bring the Twolegs into our territory, looking for their poor lost kittypet who fills the woods with his pitiful tinkling," Longtail jeered at him again.

All the cats except for Graypaw, Sandpaw, and Dustpaw yowled agreement. *Wait.. I thought I was just imagining things.. Could it be possible?* Rusty shook the thought and focused back on reality.

Longtail continued, and Rusty could feel himself being more and more angered by the second. Rusty *felt* Lionheart hiss into his ear, "Do you back down from a challenge?" That was his cue.

Rusty had his eyes closed for a while now, but he opened them to reveal a piercing emerald gaze to any cat that looked at him. His kittypet past haunted him, for so long, but that ended now. He immediately launched himself at Longtail, yowling a fearsome battle cry. Longtail was caught off guard, and Rusty landed on the warrior's back, claws sinking in to fasten himself onto it. Longtail rolled over onto his back, but Rusty saw this coming and loosened his grip, clawing into the pale tabby's tail instead. He made a long but shallow wound on Longtail's flank, and his tail was bleeding lightly. Longtail whipped his tail around fast and sent Rusty flying towards Highrock, Rusty was once again prepared. He remembered this fight, he'd never forget it. He remembered Longtail's techniques. He twisted around mid air and bounced off of the side of High rock with his paws, launching himself at Longtail's head. Longtail had barely any time to recover from before but wasn't shocked as much anymore. Rusty was planning the fight to end here and now though, and he could tell it was going according to plan. Hissing, he landed a large nick in Longtail's ear which made Longtail stagger back, but recover quickly. At the same time, he purposefully put himself in a position to have the back of his color grabbed. Longtail yowled in fury and grabbed Rusty's color, pinning him to the ground and pulling as hard as he could. Rusty predicted this and pushed forward as hard as possible, ready for an ending

like the first time.

SNAP

Rusty's collar was broken. He had won and he knew it. Gasping for breath, he kicked up with all the strength of his younger body and got to his feet, panting. Longtail, was panting as well with the collar in his jaws and clearly shocked from how well Rusty fought. Almost all the other cats in the clearing were also staring, frozen in astonishment. He looked around, realizing he may have acted a little too freely, since it could have reminded any of them of possible clan moves. He saw Sandpaw, and thought he caught a glimpse of pride in her eyes, but he didn't have time to think about it.

He quickly realized Bluestar had his collar, and she placed it on the ground in front of her. "The newcomer has lost his Twoleg collar in a battle for his honor. StarClan has spoken it's approval--this cat has been released from the hold of his Twoleg owners, and is free to join ThunderClan as an apprentice."

Rusty saw Longtail wide-eyed in disbelief, and then looked at Bluestar, who similarly to the other cats, looked astonished. He dipped his head in respect to his new and old leader, who then padded over to him.

Bluestar brought over the collar too, and put it to the side. She touched his ear gingerly with her nose before speaking, "You look like a brand of fire in this sunlight." Her eyes flashed with meaning that she didn't know Rusty knew already. "You have fought well." She paused for a brief moment before turning to the clan and clearly announcing, "From this day forward, until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be called Firepaw, in honor of his flame colored coat and fierce spirit." She turned back to him, seemingly waiting to see what he would do next.

Firepaw quickly turned his back on the collar, and kicked dust, soil and grass over it as if burying his dirt.

Growling, Longtail stalked away, limping to the medicine cat den as Spottedleaf ushered him towards it.

The apprentices all began to chant Firepaw's 'new' name, but the rest of the clan just turned into groups and went to different areas of the camp.

Firepaw was even more curious and excited as to why the apprentices chanted his name. Nobody did when he first joined! It could only mean one thing, but then he still wasn't sure.

Shaking the thought off, he looked at the sky, proudly thinking, *This is where I belong. Nobody can change that.*

Somewhere else in the forest...

"Now my old apprentice... You will die too," a huge brown tabby snickered evilly, before raising a paw for the kill.

(AN) Cliffhanger!! I think you guys can guess what happened. This chapter was very long and I'm sorry lol. Also, I'm sure by now some of you realized that I'm not changing much dialogue for some of the cats. That's because I'm staying true to what they would likely say based off of the books and adding some changes here and there. But as the story goes on and the plot changes from this concept of this fanfic, the dialogues should change too. Please give a comment on your opinion of the chapter! I really wanna know if people are actually enjoying this fanfiction or not. Thank you and have a great rest of your day/night!

~~Chapter 3~~

Firepaw looked back at the apprentices to see Sandpaw and Graypaw bounding up to him, Dustpaw close behind but not as eager to see him. *Were my suspicions correct?* he thought.

"Hi, Fires- paw," Sandpaw mewed as she walked up to him.

Graypaw broke in before Sandpaw could make anybody watching suspicious, "That was a nice fight, Firepaw! Longtail is a warrior yet you really messed up his pride and good looks. That was pretty impressive for a kittypet."

Firepaw rolled his eyes before mewing, "Hi, Graypaw, who are these two?"

"This is Sandpaw. And this is Dustpaw," Graypaw pointed his tail tip to Sandpaw and Dustpaw accordingly.

"Hi Sandpaw, hello Dustpaw," Firepaw began before he heard a few voices meowing his new name.

"Hi, Firepaw!"

"Hello, young Firepaw."

"Hey there, Firepaw."

Firepaw took a second to listen to the voices, and of course Graypaw had to chip in, "Great name, too. I wish I had a name like that..."

Firepaw couldn't take it anymore. He had to bring it up. They had to be sent back to the past as well. He mewed really quietly, "Hey Gray*STRIPE*, how did you know it was me back near Twolegplace?" Sandpaw, Dustpaw, and Graypaw looked slightly shocked. They

were clearly beginning to have their doubts that Firepaw was Firestar, even after his fight with Longtail. *Are they mousebrains?* he thought.

Graypaw almost yowled, "So it is you!" He quickly shut up. He lowered his voice as he continued again, "They thought I was wrong. And to be honest, I was starting to believe it myself since you are pretty great at hiding it, even after that fight!"

"Oh please, you're just saying I'm good at hiding it because you're bad at hiding it. You didn't even look confused when you asked why I was in the forest. AND you mouthed my old name," Firepaw meowed. "Also, you didn't answer my question," he finished, almost as an afterthought.

"I have my ways," Graypaw said.

"Are you two done-" Dustpaw was cut off by a low voice next to them.

They turned their heads to see Darkstripe as he muttered, "Lucky your collar snapped when it did. Longtail is a young warrior, but I can't imagine him being beaten by a *kittypet!*" He snapped on the last word before stalking off.

"As I was saying, Ravenpaw could be back any minute." Dustpaw finally finished.

"Fair point," Firepaw replied.

Firepaw turned his head to look at Sandpaw, who seemed to be looking at him warmly. *Almost too obvious,* he thought. *As much as I wish we could embrace each other, we can't, now is not the time. Once we're warriors we'll be able to again.*

Smallear yowled out, seemingly smelling blood. "Looks like Ravenpaw's back," Firepaw mewed.

A large dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes stalked into the clearing, hauling a body on his back and carrying the limp body of an apprentice in his mouth. *Oh no. No, no....* Heads turned to meet a horrifying image. Shocked yowls broke out immediately as

Tigerclaw walked to the center of the clearing and placed down the two limp bodies. One being a tortoiseshell tomcat with a reddish ginger tail, and another being a small black pelted tom apprentice with a white tipped tail and chest. *Redtail and Ravenpaw.*

"What happened, Tigerclaw?" a firm voice broke through the yowls, it was Bluestar.

"Oakheart killed Redtail before he could flee. I took Oakheart's life in revenge. Ravenpaw and I were fleeing afterwards, and got ambushed by more RiverClan cats. He didn't make it." Tigerclaw meowed, trying to look as believable as possible.

Graypaw mewed quietly to the other apprentices, "How dare he! He killed Ravenpaw too!"

"I swear if any of our clanmates believe this mousedung again-" Sandpaw was broken off by Firepaw.

"Tigerstar was taken back to the past too. We have to stop him."

Graypaw and Dustpaw looked at him in shock. "W-What do you mean?" Dustpaw meowed.

"I knew Graypaw wouldn't get what I meant but c'mon, Dustpaw. You should know," Firepaw joked.

"He means exactly what he said. It's the only thing that makes sense! If he killed Ravenpaw, and we were brought back to the past, he must have his past memories," Sandpaw meowed seriously. "There's no way we were brought back to the past for no reason. The reason- to stop Tigerstar again, like Firepaw did before."

"Let's go to the apprentices' den. We can't be talking about this stuff here.. Besides, we should get some sleep," Firepaw spoke in a quiet tone.

As the others began to pad over to the apprentices' den, Firepaw followed from behind. He did this only so it seemed like he didn't know his way around. Nobody would get suspicious if he had to follow his 'new' friends.

Once they got inside, Firepaw sniffed around and found an empty nest which just happened to be in between Sandpaw and Graypaw. Laying down, he decided to ask the others if they should sleep now and talk tomorrow or talk now. "So, are we going to get some sleep first and talk tomorrow after training and hunting? Or are we going to talk now?" he mumbled, tired from the run here then fight with Longtail. His older body was not the greatest...

Sandpaw looked at him worriedly as she meowed in response, "You look tired, I think we should talk tomorrow."

Graypaw, being his either completely lazy or completely energetic self meowed loudly, "I think we should talk first."

Everybody looked at Dustpaw. "Uh.." he looked at the others awkwardly. "I think.. I think we should sleep now."

Firepaw looked over to see Graypaw mumbled to himself what seemed to be "dang it." He ignored it though and just stared at Sandpaw for a minute, yearning to curl up to her again. He knew he couldn't, though. Not until he was a true warrior again.

Firepaw woke up in a beautiful lush field with grass more green than his own eyes and skies that would shock a cat. He recognized this place. He lived here for some time watching Sandstorm- paw now, reliving those memories they had together on the second search for SkyClan. They were so happy to see each other again in StarClan after her death, but didn't have much time. After Graystripe died as well, they must've all been sent to the past. He turned around to see a tortoiseshell tomcat staring at him. "Hello, Redtail," Firepaw meowed formally.

"Hello, Firestar. You know why you are back, correct?" Firepaw nodded. "Good. I suppose I should get right to it. Somehow Tigerstar returned. He couldn't have done it himself since you killed him, but some cat in the Dark Forest must have found a way to bring him back to life and send him back to the past with his memories." Redtail stared at Firepaw who looked shocked. He continued, "As for StarClan ourselves, we kept this from you and

your friends and searched for a way to send you five back as well. It was difficult but we managed to do it. The point is, you can't stop Tigerstar alone. Not this time. This battle is one you and your friends have to fight together. This is going to be even more challenging than your old life. Tigerstar has his memories, and you know how cunning he can be in tricks and fighting. Goodbye."

Firepaw stared as Redtail faded, but didn't try to stop him. He knew at this point it was no use. He took a second to take all that in. He hadn't planned on doing this alone. He knew that much. StarClan kept such a big thing from him and his friends. Why? He didn't know. Redtail's visit was almost useless for him. *Almost.* When Redtail said "stop Tigerstar alone," it reminded him of prophecies. They would have to remake the subjects of prophecies and other events for everything to go right. That meant Cinderpelt's accident so she became Thunderclan's medicine cat. That meant Cloudtail and Brightheart becoming mates so they had Whitewing so she could have Dovewing and Ivypool. That meant so many things they'd have to make sure happened. Some of them made him sad, but there was nothing he could do about it. They all had to happen.

(AN) Sorry for the wait! It's mainly my laziness. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Guess what? Firestar doesn't like waffles! Lol sorry. Jokes aside though Firestar doesn't like Spottedleaf in this fanfic and Spottedleaf isn't OBSESSED with him. Firestar only had a kit crush on her in his past life but not anymore. Sorry FirexSpotted lovers!

Thank you @Spiritsx for being the first commenter! Also if anybody reads this, go check out Spiritx's stories! They're really good.

Have a nice day/night! :)

~~Chapter 4~~

A loud yowl jolted Firepaw awake, "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join here beneath the Highrock for a clan meeting."

"Looks like Bluestar is appointing Lionheart deputy," Firepaw mewed wearily. He slowly got up and looked across to the other apprentices who were getting up much faster than him. *Wow, fighting with advanced moves as a new apprentice really took a lot out of me. . .* "Let's go."

As they walked past the tree stump at the entrance to the apprentice den many other cats were stalking out and into the clearing. Bluestar was seated neatly on top of the Highrock, fur almost glowing from the moon and Silverpelt creeping into the sky. "A new deputy must be appointed," she began. "But first, let's give thanks to StarClan for the life of Redtail. Tonight he sits with his fellow warriors among the stars."

All the cats in the clearing were silent, most dipping their heads in respect. Firepaw noticed Sandpaw move slightly closer to him, likely for comfort. He knew Redtail was her father, he felt sorry for her. He didn't try to stop her since nobody would notice them at the moment, but he knew she couldn't forever. She apparently did as well since she moved away when Bluestar started to speak again.

"Now I shall name the new deputy." A few cats looked up at Bluestar, then Tigerclaw, some just at Bluestar. "I say these words before the body of Redtail, so that his spirit may hear and approve of my choice."

Silence filled the air for what seemed like 9 lifetimes. Firepaw looked at Tigerclaw, who looked hungry for power. He understood what it meant now. Not like the first time, no. This time, he knew

what Tigerclaw wanted. But this time, there was also more he wanted, too. He wanted to become leader of ThunderClan, but more importantly, *revenge.*

"Lionheart will be the new deputy of ThunderClan," Bluestar meowed.

Tigerclaw went up to Lionheart to congratulate him with a powerful nudge. Firepaw could see through his bluff.

Before the rest of the cats could disperse to congratulate Lionheart, Bluestar continued speaking. "Redtail was also mentor to young Dustpaw. Since there must be no delay in the training of our apprentices, I shall appoint him a new mentor at once. Darkstripe, you are ready for your first apprentice. You recieved a fine mentor in Tigerclaw, and I expect you to pass on all you know to Dustpaw."

Darkstripe looked very pleased, puffing out his chest. Firepaw didn't think anybody else saw, but Tigerclaw gave a small huff. Darkstipe padded up to Dustpaw with a grin on his face. Dustpaw touched noses with him and flicked his tail respectively, though his eyes shown with twice as much grief for his old mentor as the first time.

"I shall keep vigil with Redtail tonight before we bury his body at sunrise," Bluestar meowed before she leaped down from high rock to lay next to Redtail's limp body.

Firepaw watched as Dustpaw and Sandpaw walked over to join her, tails down. Him and Graypaw turned tail and walked back toward the apprentices' den.

When they got inside Firepaw curled up in his nest and muttered, "I hate seeing Sandpaw upset.. She got to finally live again with her father as well, but it didn't last long."

"She'll recover, you know she will. Besides, she has you," Graypaw mewed back.

Firepaw didn't respond, instead simply putting his head down to sleep.

Firepaw woke up naturally, but still not before Graypaw. He looked over, Graypaw was watching him expectantly.

Lionheart peaked in.

"Firepaw, you can join me and Graypaw for training until you're assigned a mentor. Tigerclaw will be helping as well."

"Alright, thank you." Firepaw dipped his head in respect.

He watched as Lionheart left, then growled. Graypaw looked over, but seemed to understand what he was annoyed about. He hated Tigerclaw, they all did.

They got up and padded out of the den to join Tigerclaw and Lionheart. Firepaw was extremely tired, more so than the first time he came to ThunderClan. He may be more used to waking up early now, but with his old body back and using advanced battle moves against Longtail instead, it was too much.

Lionheart meowed, "Come on, you two. Today, we're going to show you the territory."

The cats padded onward. Graypaw and Firepaw were catching up quietly, while Tigerclaw and Lionheart remained silent almost the entire way.

Lionheart's voice suddenly interrupted their chat, "We're approaching the Sunningrocks. Firepaw, scent the air. What can you smell?"

"I smell.. fish. And.. scent markings up ahead. It's two different scent markings though, and I hear rushing water." Firepaw paused briefly before continuing, "Let me guess, the RiverClan border?"

Lionheart looked slightly taken aback whilst Tigerclaw merely watched them. "Correct. You know about RiverClan?"

Firepaw tiredly shrugged as he responded, "Graypaw and the others told me the basics about the clans last night.

"Well then, do you know the first rule of the warrior code?" Lionheart challenged.

"Defend your clan, even if it comes to losing your own life," Firepaw stated firmly.

Tigerclaw chipped in, "Impressive. *Most* impressive."

"Tigerclaw, I don't understand why you underestimate Firepaw. He seems very bright and willing to learn." Lionheart glared at Tigerclaw, daring him to continue. Tigerclaw simply grumbled, and they all continued walking down to Sunningrocks.

Tigerclaw spoke once they got to the border, "Right, let's mark the border. Firepaw, you won't since you only just came to the clans. Your *kittypet* smell hasn't gone yet." He said the word 'kittypet' smugly and with the hint of a snarl.

Firepaw had to stop himself from growling and launching himself at Tigerclaw. He already hated him, but Tigerclaw certainly knew how to push his buttons. He seemed to be trying to get Firepaw to lunge at him. *He wants to banish me.*

The cats marked the borders and continued their patrol. All far too soon, Firepaw could smell the revolting stench of the thunderpath. He snorted in disgust before speaking, "Eugh.. What's that smell?"

"That is the thunderpath. It is the border between ThunderClan and ShadowClan," Lionheart replied.

Graypaw murmured to Firepaw just loud enough for the others to hear, "Thunderpaths are dangerous because Twoleg monsters run on them. You need to be careful around them." Firepaw nodded in acknowledgement as they approached the border.

"You may have guessed by now but this is the thunderpath," meowed Lionheart, gesturing towards it. "As Graypaw said, it is very dangerous. Just one Twoleg monster's paw is bigger than a fully grown cat. They also run incredibly fast, you need to be very careful near thunderpaths.

"Understood," Firepaw meowed, hiding his excitement. He was remembering all those good times he had as an apprentice. Sharing fresh kill for the first times of his life, talking with his clanmates, training with his friends... Suddenly he remembered it would never be the same. So much changed, and he held a new responsibility he didn't see the first time. *I'll never relive those memories.*

(AN) Hello readers! Hope you guys have been doing good. Leave a comment if you enjoyed this chapter!

I hid a Star Wars reference somewhere in this chapter.

Thank you to anybody who made it this far!

~~Chapter 5~~

Firepaw and Graypaw walked into camp just before evening, Lionheart and Tigerclaw not far behind. Sandpaw and Dustpaw bounded up to them quickly. "Hey Sandpaw, Dustpaw," Firepaw greeted them cheerfully. He was happy to see them again after a long time of walking and "learning" stuff he knew already.

"Hi Firepaw!" Sandpaw replied whilst flicking her tail excitedly. She added in a whisper, "Are you guys ready to talk before Dustpaw and I go to the gathering?" Firepaw and Graypaw both nodded.

The group entered the den with Firepaw in the back. He was more slow than the others as he looked around the camp before entering. *I've missed this place so much,* he thought. Catching up with the others quickly, he flopped down in his own nest before speaking, "We have to decide what to do about Tigerclaw. That much is obvious." He paused before continuing, "We also have to make sure prophecies and certain events happened since we don't know what will happen if we don't. For example: I have to bring Cloudtail into the clan so he becomes mates with Brightheart so they have Whitewing and she can have Dovewing and Ivypool."

After it all sunk in for the others, Dustpaw spoke next, "So.. That means Cinderpelt's accident has to happen too, because we don't know what will happen if she isn't ThunderClan's medicine cat. Possibly even Swiftpaw and Brightheart attacking the dogs so Cloudtail can lift her spirit and make her fall in love in case she hasn't alre-" His voice drifted off as he realized what he was saying.

Firepaw stared in shock, as he didn't think of that and even if he did, likely wouldn't have said it out loud. "Well... You've got a point. Some of these events are terrible, though they have to happen."

There was long silence before Graypaw spoke up, "Wait. Doesn't that mean I *have* to get with Silverstream again? Feathertail was part of a prophecy after all." His eyes were glowing with excitement and happiness.

Sandpaw looked at him for a long moment before meowing, "I suppose he's got a point. Though I don't approve of breaking the warrior code, this is for the good of the clans. And the tribe."

"Right, well, moving on from prophecies and events, what are we going to do about Tigerclaw?" Firepaw muttered. "There is no way he'll try to make an alliance with BloodClan again. And he likely won't try to attack ThunderClan with rouges from the inside... He knows both of those plans failed. We'll never know what his next motive is."

There was another moment of silence. It was clear none of them knew the answer to his question. Sandpaw broke the silence, meowing, "We may not know what his next move is, but just think. You managed to reveal his treachery alone without knowing his next move. Now all four of us know his wrongdoings, we can find out a way to stop him together."

Graypaw looked at the other apprentices and mewed, "Sandpaw is right. Whatever Tigerclaw does, we'll be ready. We'll face him together."

This brightened Firepaw's heart. He was glad he had the others with him. *I'm glad I'm not alone.*

Firepaw and Graypaw were sleeping in the apprentices' den peacefully after the gathering patrol left. Firepaw woke up since he thought he smelled something. *ShadowClan! Oh no.. I forgot they're still under Brokenstar's rule!* He nudged Graypaw awake telling him what was going on then snuck over to the warriors den to warn any warriors who were left behind. He looked over to see Mousefur coming back in from guarding. *She must have scented it too.*

Firepaw signaled he would tell the queens and elders, then

quickly ran over to the nursery. He whisper yelled part of his sentence before a loud yowl rang throughout the camp.

The queens and kits woke up, startled. Goldenflower immediately looked at Firepaw and asked, "What's going on? What are you doing here?"

"ShadowClan is attacking! I woke up scenting them. Mousefur did too! Protect the kits!" Firepaw ran out of the den to see a few tired warriors fighting a bunch of ShadowClan cats.

He swiftly sprinted into the elders' den and made sure they all know what was going on. Afterwards, he left the den and looked around the chaotic camp. He quickly noticed two enemy warriors teaming up to fight and possibly kill Longtail.

Growling, Firepaw pounced onto one of the warriors and jumped off, knocking the brown cat off his feet. The brown cat, who Firepaw recognized to be Clawface, sneered, "Oh, so you want to die too? I won't make it quick."

"Try me, Clawface," Firepaw hissed with fierce determination and fire in his eyes.

Clawface launched himself at Firepaw, claws outstretched. Firepaw dodged to the side and raked his claws across the brown cat's face as he passed. Hissing, Clawface lashed out at Firepaw's eyes, but Firepaw was too quick. *Dirty move.* Firepaw jumped up and landed on Clawface's back, then spun around to his belly fur, raking his small claws across before letting go and running a few tail-lengths away. He knew this wouldn't do a lot of damage since he was only an apprentice again, so he did it in attempt of making Clawface give up. "Had enough?"

Clawface hissed, "You little- You're crowfood!" The large tom ran at Firepaw full speed, but Firepaw simply dodged to the side again, making Clawface run into Highrock. He looked at his enemy on the floor for a moment before running back into battle, helping Runningwind chase off Blackfoot.

Tigerclaw was facing off against Stumpytail, but it was clear to

Firepaw they were both not trying. *So this was your idea, huh?* Firepaw turned around just in time to see Brokenstar crashing into him.

OOF!

Firepaw opened his eyes to see Brokenstar standing over him, ready to bite down into his throat. He had Firepaw pinned down well, so it was hard to move. *Think!* The evil cat was just about to sink his teeth in when he was unbalanced. Firepaw looked over to see Graypaw attack Brokenstar. Firepaw managed to free one of his paws and slashed Brokenstar's muzzle creating a deep cut.

Brokenstar stumbled away from the two apprentices as Firepaw got up and stood with Graypaw. Brokenstar sneered at them, "We'll be back! Soon, you'll be done for.. SHADOWCLAN, RETREAT!"

Firepaw watched as a few injured ShadowClan cats ran out through the gorse tunnel, some limping, while other less harmed ones followed close behind guarding their injured clanmates. He turned his head to see the limp body of Runningwind on the ground. *Oh StarClan, no...*

The remaining ThunderClan cats walked over to Runningwind's body. A few warriors dragged him to the middle of the clearing and began to lick his wounds. Firepaw could tell the noble warrior wasn't breathing.

Firepaw's gaze shifted from Runningwind to Tigerclaw who was staring at him maniacally. Firepaw's emerald green eyes changed to a piercing ice cold gaze. He would stop this cat, even if it was the last thing he did.

(AN) Sorry for the delay in chapters! A combination of laziness and writer's block has gotten me away from writing recently. But there it is, hope you enjoyed! :)

~~Chapter 6~~

Firepaw was lying outside the apprentices' den with Graypaw, thinking about what to do. Graypaw's voice broke him out of his thoughts, "Hey, sounds like the gathering patrol is coming back."

Firepaw looked over to see his clanmates walking into the clearing with confused and worried looks on their faces. Sandpaw and Dustpaw padded up to them quickly. "What happened?" Dustpaw asked, concerned.

"ShadowClan took the chance of the gathering to attack our camp. I believe Tigerclaw convinced Brokenstar just to cause destruction to ThunderClan," Firepaw replied.

"That explains why ShadowClan wasn't at the gathering! WindClan wasn't either..." Sandpaw mewed. "Wait.. You guys don't think Tigerclaw convinced them to drive out WindClan early to help him, do you?"

Graypaw chipped in this time, "I wouldn't put it past Tigerclaw. The traitor!" Firepaw could see fury in Graypaw's eyes.

Firepaw turned to the other two. "Runningwind died in the battle," he meowed in a tired tone. Sandpaw and Dustpaw gasped and looked over, finally noticing the cold brown body with now pale green eyes near the center of the clearing.

Dustpaw opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off by Bluestar's yowl. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join here beneath the Highrock for a clan meeting!" They all got up and padded wearily over to Highrock.

Once everyone was settled down, Bluestar began to speak. "Most of you will know by now but ShadowClan has attacked our camp.

The warriors left behind drove back the invaders, but not without a death of one of our own. Runningwind died in the battle." She paused to let that sink in. A few shocked gasps sounded, but mainly cats just dipped their heads in respect. Dappletail, Mousefur, One-eye, and Halftail were all looking down at the floor. After a long moment of silence, Bluestar continued, "Runningwind was a brave, skilled, and loyal warrior. He will be honored in the ranks of StarClan."

Before anybody could say anything else, Mousefur lifted her head to speak. "Bluestar, may I speak?" Firepaw could see she was pushing back tears for her fallen littermate, but could also tell she wasn't going to speak about his death.

Bluestar looked taken aback, but nodded nonetheless. "We were pretty much only able to defend the camp because of Firepaw," Mousefur began. Loud murmurs rippled through the crowd of cats. She continued, "He woke up scenting ShadowClan outside the camp. I did too and was about to go warn everybody but saw he was already doing so. I only warned the warriors, but he warned the nursery and elders too so they could be prepared to defend themselves." She paused before speaking again, "He fought valiantly with his clanmates, almost no regard for his own life. He even drove back Brokenstar with Graypaw." Gasps of astonishment rippled through the crowd like lightning through the sky.

"Hate to admit it, but she's right. The kittypet even saved me from getting ripped apart by two warriors coming at me at once." Firepaw gasped as he heard the voice and saw who spoke. He was genuinely surprised to see Longtail practically praising him.

Bluestar's shocked gaze turned from Mousefur to Longtail before she spoke. "That's a surprise, coming from you, Longtail. You wanted to tear him apart when he joined, but he defeated you with ease. And now.. you're agreeing with Mousefur that he is warrior material."

Longtail looked at Bluestar then back to the floor and mumbled, "Well I never though a kittypet could become a warrior, till this battle. He has proven himself worthy to be in ThunderClan."

As the meeting continued, Firepaw thought about what'll happened next. *I'll meet Yellowfang soon. Later on Graystripe and I will save Frostfur's kits.. Maybe Dustpelt and Sandstorm could join us too.*

Before he knew it, the meeting was over and Runningwind's family was crowded around his body. He, Graypaw, Sandpaw, and Dustpaw walked back to their den together to sleep. After laying down, he hesitated before finally meowing, "Do you guys think I should reveal the truth to Yellowfang? I should be able to convince her.. I know secrets of hers."

The others looked slightly surprised but then in deep thought. Dustpaw finally muttered, "I'm not sure.. What if she doesn't believe you? She likely won't have her memories and you won't exactly already have her trust and respect. You'll have to earn it just like you did before."

Sandpaw broke in, "I agree with Dustpaw. We have no clue what she may or may not do with that information. She may not even join ThunderClan..." She stopped, long in thought, before continuing, "But I think you should tell her some time after she joins."

Firepaw looked at the others, he was glad for their opinions on the situation. They had a good point, and Sandpaw had a good compromise.

"I think Sandpaw is right, again," mewed Graypaw. "You should reveal it at some point, and it will be better to do so once she trust you."

Firepaw looked at them and meowed, "It's settled then. I'll tell Yellowfang everything some time after she joins ThunderClan. But we should probably get sleep now..." He put his head down onto his paws and began to drift off to sleep.

Firepaw woke up a bit before training, though he was more tired than he thought he'd ever be in all 9 of his lives. Well.. more like 10

now. He raised his head and looked at his still sleeping denmates. Sighing, he got up and walked outside.

He saw the dawn patrol about ready to leave, and waved his tail goodbye to them. Firepaw trotted over to the freshkill pile to grab a skinny vole. It was nearing the end of leaf-bare but prey was still scarce as there was a late new-leaf. Right as he was about to turn around he felt the presence of a cat behind him. His fur bristled slightly but then he smelled Bluestar's scent and relaxed.

Before Firepaw could say anything Bluestar spoke, "You did well last night, and I hear you're catching on quickly with your training. Also, you've got to be tired. I know it's a late new-leaf, but you should get something more plump than that. You've earned it."

Firepaw was astonished and turned around, looking at Bluestar like she was crazy. "A-are you sure? I don't want to waste prey that the clan needs.. And I haven't caught anything yet!"

The blue-gray she-cat looked at him with amusement as she spoke calmly, "Firepaw, I'm the clan's leader. I'm allowing you to have a larger portion than that. We don't have much, but as I said before, you deserve it."

Firepaw looked at her very guiltily, but decided he would not take a bigger portion. Finally he meowed, "Bluestar, I thank you for the offer but the clan always comes first. There will come days when we're all well fed, and days like these. But no matter what happens I will always make sure my clanmates are fed."

She seemed slightly surprised, but simply mewed, "Wise words. You will make a fine warrior, Firepaw." With that she turned around and walked away to speak with Lionheart.

Firepaw gleamed with happiness, it felt good to be praised by his old leader and mentor. Even after all these years...

As Firepaw was walking back to the old tree stump outside the apprentices' den, he caught a glimpse of a brown face staring at him in the corner of his eye. He looked over to see Tigerclaw with his gaze caught on Firepaw menacingly. He seemed really displeased.

He knows it's me. And he's mad that I'm receiving praise here and there. I'm watching you, Tigerstar.

(AN) Once again hope you guys enjoyed! I'm super sorry for not updating in a while. I've been very down lately and very unproductive. I'll try to be more active now and get more chapters out.

Have a good day/night! :)

~~Chapter 7~~

Firepaw was laying down finishing his vole next to the tree stump, stuck in his thoughts. He thought about his clanmates, then thought especially about Sandpaw and Graypaw. *They could be targets for Tigerstar since they're so close to me.* The thought of anything happening to them pained him, and he didn't want to think about it. He knew nothing should happen to Dustpaw because of him, as the two weren't close, even if they respected each other now.

He was interrupted from his thoughts by none other than Sandpaw sitting next to him. She looked at him and mewed, "You alright?" After not getting a response for a few seconds, Sandpaw spoke again, more seriously and nervously to him. "Come on, you know you can trust me. What's bothering you?"

Firepaw looked up at her and mewed sadly, "I'm just scared for you, and Graypaw. You two could become targets for Tigerclaw since you're so close to me..." He looked her in the eyes, which only shown care and worry at the moment. She was so caring and loyal, but also stubborn and feisty. She was never afraid to voice her own opinions on something as well. There was so much about her that he loved.. He couldn't bare lose her or Graypaw, they were both extremely important to him.

He was brought back to reality when Sandpaw licked his ear reassuringly before mewing, "Nothing will happen to me or Graypaw. We'll be fine." She added a bit louder, "I'm gonna go hunting since I have training in the evening. I'll see you later."

"See you later, Sandpaw." Firepaw watched as Sandpaw walked away and out the gorse tunnel. A moment later, Graypaw came out of the apprentices' den. "Morning," Firepaw greeted him.

"Morning! You excited for training?" Graypaw seemed incredibly eager to go battle training with Firepaw for the first time in their "new" lives.

Firepaw looked at him and meowed, "Kind of. Something is just on my mind." He looked away.

Before Graypaw could ask what it was, Lionheart came over to them with Tigerclaw a fox length behind him. "Time for training. Come on," Lionheart meowed.

Graypaw looked at him and complained, "I didn't even get to eat yet!"

Firepaw let out a mrrow of laughter and meowed to him, "You need to start waking up sooner!"

The gray tom just grumbled and followed Lionheart who was waiting for them at the gorse tunnel. Firepaw quickly followed them.

Firepaw and Graypaw were training in the Sandy Hollow for a while, but Firepaw was lost in thought. *Which one of my clanmates will he hurt next? The dishonorable fox-heart.. If he lays a single paw on Sandstorm or Graystripe I'll-* He stopped his thoughts for a moment to calm down. *Nothing will happen to them. We will get through this and be safe from Tigerclaw for good.*

The flame colored tom looked back at Lionheart who was talking. "-nd don't be obvious about where you plan on striking. Your opponent could anticipate it and counter it." Lionheart pointed his tail at Firepaw and meowed, "I want you to be the attacker first, Firepaw."

Firepaw nodded in acknowledgement and turned to Graypaw, who gave a challenging stare. "Ready to lose?" He meowed.

Firepaw looked at him and meowed determinedly, "Oh it's on!" Before Graypaw could completely focus, Firepaw was already swiping at his front paws to knock him down. Graypaw barely reared onto his hind legs in time to avoid the blow.

Firepaw quickly took advantage of the situation, and, fast as lightning, jumped straight into Graypaw, barreling him over. They tumbled around for a second before finally, Graypaw was completely pinned down by Firepaw. "Some fight you put up," Firepaw joked.

Graypaw responded to him like his stubborn self, "Oh please, you attacked before I was ready."

Firepaw looked at him and laughed. "You think an enemy is going to let you prepare for their attack? Also, you know I would've won either way." The flame colored tom saw Graypaw roll his eyes, but could tell he was having a good time.

Lionheart butted in, "Firepaw is right, Graypaw. An enemy won't give you time to get ready. You always need to be vigilant and prepared." He seemed to realize something, and quickly looked up before speaking again. "It's just about sunhigh, you've been training for a while. Switch roles, this will be the last practice before we head back to camp."

Graypaw looked at Firepaw with an even more challenging stare than before, "Let's see if you're right."

Once again, Firepaw had Graypaw pinned to the ground after another practice fight. "Alright alright you win. Now get off ya big oaf!" Graypaw was clearly embarrassed at being beaten *twice* after giving Firepaw challenging stares.

Firepaw got off and looked at Lionheart who was slightly amused. "Alright you two, let us make our way back to camp. Bluestar will be wondering what's become of us."

The four cats made their way back to camp with Lionheart and

Tigerclaw at the front. Firepaw and Graypaw were next to each other near the back, and Firepaw could hear Lionheart speaking to Tigerclaw.

"You're hardly helping mentor Firepaw at all. You are a senior warrior Tigerclaw, you should be better than this," Lionheart meowed sternly to Tigerclaw. The dark brown tabby cat merely grumbled, which seemed to leave Lionheart baffled.

Graypaw looked at Firepaw as they walked, mewing, "So, what was troubling you earl-" He was cut off short when he tripped on a root in the ground. Firepaw stopped.

"Are you okay?" Firepaw meowed, looking back at his friend.

Graypaw got up quickly, but grunted. "This is not my day," he mumbled. "I think I scraped my muzzle, it stings."

Firepaw padded over to him a checked the sides of Graypaw's muzzle. Just as Graypaw said, the right side did in fact have a scrape on it. Firepaw meowed with a hint of worry that he seemed to be hiding, "You do have a scrape, you should get that checked out by Spottedleaf. It looks bad."

When the group of cats made it to the gorse tunnel entrance, Firepaw and Graypaw entered first. Firepaw quickly forced Graypaw to go to Spottedleaf. "I told you, I'm fine!" Graypaw protested stubbornly when they made it inside the den.

Firepaw looked at him and meowed, "I'm not letting you leave until Spottedleaf checks that scrape." As if on cue, Spottedleaf came out of the back of the cave.

"What's all this noise out here? I can't get anything done," she meowed as she walked out. She quickly noticed Graypaw's muzzle, along with the scent of blood, and went back in. Soon after, she came out with some herbs. "So, are you going to tell me what happened?" Spottedleaf murmured as she got to work.

Firepaw looked at her and meowed, "We were walking back from training when he tripped over a root in the ground since we were

talking." He turned back to Graypaw with a look that would make a badger think twice before protesting. "He didn't want to come here to get it checked out. I forced him to."

The tortoiseshell she-cat stopped for a moment and glanced at Firepaw with a slightly admirable gaze before starting to work again. "Alright, that should do it. It wasn't bleeding much but it was still at high risk of getting infected. I did put a poultice on it that should stop that." She stared at Graypaw with a stern look before continuing, "However, you will need to come back tomorrow for another one. Also, you are not allowed to train for two sunrises."

Graypaw groaned before meowing, "But-" He was cut off short when Spottedleaf slapped her tail tip over his muzzle.

"I don't want to hear any arguments about it. Firepaw, could you go tell Bluestar that Graypaw is restricted from training for now?"

Firepaw laughed at Graypaw's stubbornness before responding. "Yes, I'll go tell Bluestar what you said, Spottedleaf." He walked out the den and over to Bluestar, who was laying in a patch of grass near Highrock. "Bluestar?"

The blue-gray she-cat looked up at him and asked, "What is it, Firepaw?" She seemed to be thinking about something. However he wasn't sure what. He knew of the 'Fire alone can save our clan' prophecy already, but wasn't sure if it existed now. He and his denmates knew about Tigerclaw this time, so he wouldn't be 'alone.'

He quickly told her about what Spottedleaf said. "Okay, thank you," Bluestar meowed to Firepaw.

Before he left her to herself, he had to ask her about something that had been bothering him as soon as he got back to camp, but he wasn't showing it. "Um, Bluestar, have you seen Sandpaw? She left right after the dawn patrol did for a solo hunting trip. She should be back by now."

Bluestar looked at him and mewed, "You're right.. she should be." She stopped and thought for a moment, then continued. "I'll

organize a small search patrol to find her, you will go with them." Firepaw nodded.

He got up and walked towards the tunnel, then sat down. He waited for the warriors that would be going on patrol with him. Trying to calm himself down, he kept telling himself the same things. *She'll be fine. She's strong, and Tigerclaw is here still here at camp.. Nothing will happen.* Before he knew it, he and his clanmates were walking around the forest on Sandpaw's scent trail.

Somewhere else in the forest...

They're planning to kill someone.. A she-cat apparently. But who? And who are they? Sandpaw's thoughts were racing through her mind like she ran from the dogs all those moons ago. She was eavesdropping on three cats in the forest near the RiverClan border. Their scents were hard to distinguish, as they seemed to be covered in mud. However, she thought she could pick up the faintest trace of ThunderClan on one of them! Another one next to him smelled a lot like ShadowClan, too!

One of the cats growled to the others in a deep voice, "Would you guys shut up already? I'm not hear to talk about the glory. I'm just here to get the mission done for the promised power that comes along with victory." Sandpaw listened carefully to every word the cat said. "If Tigerclaw wants us to take out this apprentice, that's what we'll do." Sandpaw's eyes widened after she heard the final sentence. *Wait.. That means-*

Before she could finish her thoughts, she got bowled over by some heavy weight. "Looks like we have an eavesdropper," snarled a large tom covered in mud. This tom was the cat that smelled most of Shadowclan. "Wait... Well looks like our prey came to us. If Tigerclaw wants you dead then we'll fulfill his request!"

No! Firestar was right! She tried to escape but the other two cats blocked her only escape route. The cat that pinned her down began to claw at her pelt viciously, blood welling up from her wounds. She hollered in a desperate attempt to get someone's attention, but as far as she could tell nobody was coming. The she-cat apprentice quickly found it harder to breathe and soon, everything went

dark...

(AN) Cliffhanger!!! Hope you guys are excited for what happens next.

As usual have a good day/night! :)

~~Chapter 8~~

(AN) For those of you who have been waiting for this chapter I'm sorry it took so long! I've been absent from Wattpad for a bit and only started reading and writing again recently. This is just going to be a short chapter but I hope you all enjoy! :D

Firepaw and his patrol followed the scent trail up a path which headed to the direction of the RiverClan border. Out of nowhere, a yowl of pain and terror echoed through the forest!

The fiery orange tom could immediately recognize that voice anywhere. *Sandpaw!*

"Come on!" Before he could even finish that short phrase, he was frantically sprinting in the direction of the noise.

The voice of a cat sounded behind him, but he was running so fast the wind filled his ears and they were already so far behind. Before he knew it, the warriors in his group caught up with him. "You shouldn't run off like that without us, kittypet! We don't even know if that was Sandpaw!" Longtail growled beside him.

"*I* know it's Sandpaw!" He yelled anxiously. Calming himself down, he continued, "Also, it's still worth looking since that was the shriek of a cat in pain. They are clearly in our territory." He paused for a brief moment before scoffing, "And I thought you were the warrior here."

Despite him going from worried and uneasy to seemingly calm, he was still completely panicking inside. Longtail went completely silent and even though Firepaw couldn't see him, he could tell the pale tabby was shocked. He feel back behind and Firepaw was in the lead again.

Firepaw's vision was blurred, his chest was heaving intensely, and he could barely breathe. He was running faster than he has in all 10 of his lives! He began to slow down so he didn't pass out, and tried to focus on his surroundings. Suddenly, he smelled blood.

Skidding to a halt, the apprentice gasped for air and then looked around frantically. Lionheart, Longtail, and the other warriors quickly caught up with him and began following the scent of blood. The only things Firepaw could smell right now were blood, mud, and something else..

Wait.. He sniffed the air carefully. *That's Sandpaw!* Sprinting after the warriors his pelt seemed like an orange blur in the forest. He rushed past them and ran into a muddy figure of a cat. He quickly got off and looked past to see two other cats covered in mud, and the broken body of none other than... *SANDPAW!*

He hissed and sprang at the cat he bumped into, rushing into battle. The warriors quickly followed, and one of them checked on Sandpaw.

The cat he was fighting smelled of Twolegplace dumpsters and the Thunderpath. He then saw a glimpse of bright orange on the cats pelt just like his. *Jaggedtooth.* Firepaw was completely panicking and filled with rage, causing him to lose focus quickly which lead to him getting knocked into a tree. Falling to the ground, the apprentice struggled to get up before being forcefully pinned to the ground.

"Pathetic," the voice of the cat pinning him meowed. Jaggedtooth leaned down, getting ready for the killing blow in the back of Firepaw's neck. Just like the battle with ShadowClan, the cat was pushed off him. He barely turned over in time to see a white blur barreling into the muddy cat that was pinning him. *Thank you, Whitestorm.*

Looking to the side, he saw the cat that reeked of ShadowClan being cornered. "Screw this! I'm out of here, you're on your own Snag and Darkstripe!" The cat ran out of sight before anyone could stop him.

Darkstripe, should've known. "Get back here Brokenstar, you coward!" Jaggedtooth, or Snag in this timeline yelled to get Brokenstar's attention, but to no avail.

Firepaw stopped focusing on the traitor and Snag and raced past his clanmates to see Sandpaw, still bleeding. The damage could be fatal without treatment, that much was obvious. She didn't have much time, if any at all. *No no no.. Please...*

There was a gash across her flank as well as a shallow but long cut near her windpipe! She had a large scrape on her left foreleg and a bruise on her left hindleg. A patch of fur was missing from her right shoulder.

Firepaw could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. Without warning, he raced back to camp to get help. He ran faster than the wind and began to feel hazy. This was too much running, and even if he was in an adult cat's body this would be putting a strain on him.

Before he knew it, he was in the camp next to the entrance. He was panting and his clanmates looked at him from across the clearing in different directions. Bluestar walked up to him, alarmed. She tried speaking before being interrupted by Firepaw, "Wh-"

"Sandpaw was attacked and is badly injured! Darkstripe is a traitor and formed an alliance with Brokenstar and a rouge to do this.." He said the words so fast they were barely audible. Firepaw also began to notice that he was bleeding on the forehead. Stopping to catch his breath, he listened to the shocked Bluestar.

"If this is true, then Spottedleaf and I must go there quickly. Take us there immediately." Firepaw already noticed Spottedleaf exit her den as soon as he got to camp, and now he realized she probably smelled his blood. He looked back up to see her come out again with a bundle of herbs and cobwebs.

"This way!" The apprentice lead them out of camp and rushed them to the scene. He felt like he was about to faint from exhaustion, but he forced himself to keep moving with pure love and determination.

On their way there, Firepaw noticed the sky was already changing to welcome the moon. They needed to be quick.

(AN) So many people are gonna be mad for these two serious cliffhangers in a row lol

~~Chapter 9~~

The air was crisp and chill as night fell over the forest. Cats in their separate territories were heading to nests and beds for a comfortable sleep... Underneath some trees in ThunderClan's territory, however, lay a small clearing with cats crouching around the body of an apprentice.

"I'm unsure if she'll make it," the voice of a dappled she-cat sounded in the clearing. "I've done everything I can, but now she's in StarClan's paws."

Firepaw knew there was nothing Spottedleaf could do for Sandpaw now, so he decided to ask Bluestar a question. "So.. what will we do now, Bluestar?"

"We need to get Sandpaw back to camp. It will be dangerous to leave her out here during the night." The gray-blue she-cat turned to Spottedleaf before meowing, "Is she fit to be carried without harm?"

"She should be fine," Spottedleaf replied. She looked at Sandpaw before adding, "You must be careful though."

Bluestar nodded then looked at some of the warriors there. "Carry Sandpaw back to camp and to the medicine den. We'll be there soon." Looking back at Spottedleaf, she signaled that the medicine cat was dismissed and could join them.

Firepaw looked at Bluestar and asked, "What about him?" He nodded towards Darkstripe, who was being held there at the moment. Snag was dead, being struck down by Whitestorm. The rouge almost killed Firepaw, and attempted to kill Whitestorm. Whitestorm did what he had to do.

Bluestar gazed at Darkstripe coldly before responding, "He's

coming with us. His punishment will be announced later." The she-cat signaled for her warriors to head back to camp, more specifically, Whitestorm.

As Firepaw tried following the other's, Bluestar stopped him by putting her tail out in front of him. "Sit, Firepaw," Bluestar mewed as she watched out the others leave.

The orange apprentice nodded, understanding that she wanted to speak with him, alone. When he sat down, a breeze of cool air ruffled his thick pelt of fur, which caused it to bristle for warmth. His leader looked down at him and started, "Are you okay, Firepaw?"

This question caught the tom completely off guard. "Whitestorm informs me you fought recklessly with the rouge, that is not how I've seen and heard you fight before." She paused briefly, and Firepaw recognized she had more to say, so he didn't speak. "I saw you running to get back to Sandpaw, and how quickly it seemed you got here and wanted to go back."

Firepaw was beginning to loathe himself, as he knew where this was going. He didn't want to reveal anything regarding the past, but he remained quiet and let Bluestar continue. "Is it possible you're in love with her? Or you are both in love with one another? You seem to already have a deep connection with her and you've only been here a few days." Bluestar spoke calmly, but in a stern and questioning tone.

Slowly, Firepaw lifted his head to stare at Bluestar. Her face showed no emotion, but perhaps a calculating glare. He could tell she wasn't speaking of her only suspicions. "I- I'm not sure," he stuttered on his words. He didn't know what to do in this situation. He couldn't reveal anything to Bluestar.. Not yet at least.

Bluestar raised an eyebrow, a clear sign she was unconvinced. "Well, I don't think I'll get much out of you. But after today's ordeal, some things are going to change." She got up and started walking towards camp, signaling with a flick of her tail for him to follow.

Firepaw too, got up and began to trot back to camp. He was

nervous, he wasn't sure what could come next. He knew Bluestar, but it didn't change much in this situation. At times, she could be extremely hard to read. He just hoped she didn't mean any bad changes.

Firepaw was sitting in the medicine den, next to Sandpaw. He was waiting for a clan meeting to begin. Bluestar was arranging things, though he didn't know what exactly.

But his mind raced to something else quickly.. his mate. He couldn't help but feel guilty. He felt like this was his fault, just like when Cinderpelt had her accident. He knew something like this would happen, yet, he didn't do anything about it. Knowing nobody was around, he nuzzled his mate's fur gently, praying to StarClan she will be okay.

A call rang throughout camp and into the medicine den. The meeting was beginning, so he exited the den and walked through the clearing to sit in the middle, facing Highrock. Bluestar stood tall on the rock, waiting for her clan to quiet down. Gossip spread around like wildfire, and shortly after the group of warriors returned, everybody had an idea of what had happened.

The blue-gray she-cat's fur began to shine silver in the moonlight, and she began to speak after her clanmates calmed down. "There are a few matters to discuss tonight. I will get straight to the point." She gazed down at Darkstripe who was being guarded by two warriors before meowing, "Darkstripe is a traitor to ThunderClan. He has affiliated himself with a rouge and Brokenstar in order to attack and kill one of our apprentices. Sandpaw is in the medicine den and thanks to Spottedleaf's expert care, she may have another chance."

Some of the cats gathered below growled and spat harsh insults at Darkstripe, Firepaw, however, was not one of them. As much as he despised Darkstripe, he knew insulting his enemy wouldn't help him with what was going on. Besides, he had more to worry about; what Tigerclaw's next move will be, if Sandpaw will recover or not, if Bluestar was going to do anything to him! But then, he wasn't sure.

He looked back up in time to see Bluestar raise her tail for silence, which she slowly achieved. "Darkstripe, you are banished from ThunderClan forever. If you are ever caught on our territory, you will be *killed."* After she said that, Lionheart and Willowpelt escorted the tom out of camp and likely out of the territory.

After a few seconds, Bluestar spoke again, "Once Sandpaw is well enough, we will get more details about what happened, and see if there is anything more going on. For now, things will remain the same...

..Firepaw is also in need of his own mentor, and I've decided to take it upon myself to train him." Some of the cats gasped in awe and shock, but not all of them. She signaled to Firepaw for him to step forward, simultaneously, she leaped down and walked towards him. The two touched noses before Bluestar addressed the clan once again to dismiss the meeting.

Firepaw, Dustpaw, and Graypaw each went to their separate nests in the warriors den. On his way to the den, Firepaw heard a few congratulations, but he didn't pay attention to any of them. He just wanted sleep, he wanted to clear his head. He wanted peace.

~~Chapter 10~~

Firepaw blinked open his eyes and rose his head before yawning. He remembered the events that played out last night. Darkstripe was gone, he became Bluestar's apprentice, and Sandpaw.. well, he didn't want to think about that. *But once Sandstorm is well enough and Bluestar questions her... Sandstorm can say Darkstripe said something about Tigerstar, even if he didn't!*

The flame colored apprentice sighed before getting up. He was glad he didn't have to train with Tigerclaw anymore, but he was still worried about certain things. He pushed the thoughts to the back of his mind and prepared for the day, leaving the den and grabbing a quick bite to eat before training. Glancing over, he saw Bluestar approaching him. He heard Graypaw finally exiting the apprentices' den as well. "Good morning Bluestar, Graypaw," he mewed to them each, nodding.

"Good morning, you two. Are you ready for your training?" Bluestar meowed in a calm manner. Graypaw looked at her with anticipation.

"Oh yeah! I can't wait to go hunting." Shortly after Graypaw said that, they all heard Lionheart chuckle as he approached.

He glared at Graypaw before meowing, "Well, we better get going soon then." The golden tom turned to his leader. "Bluestar?"

She stared at Graypaw and his mentor before telling them each to get something to eat and meet them in the training hollow. "Firepaw and I will be waiting." She looked down at her apprentice, "Come, they will join us in time."

Firepaw got up and followed her as he responded, "Yes, Bluestar."

As they approached the sandy hollow, Firepaw couldn't help but take in the beauty of the old forest. It had been so long since he was here. He hadn't really taken in the sights and smells of his old home these past few days.

He saw a squirrel peak it's head out the trunk of a tree, and the sound of birds singing their beautiful melodies filled his ears. Leaf-bare was slowly coming to an end, and late new-leaf was finally beginning to show itself. This filled Firepaw with joy, as he closed his eyes and sniffed the air that carried so many scents into his nostrils.

The young tom knew, however, that he needed to start training soon. So, he opened his eyes and ran over to Bluestar who was waiting for him at the edge of the slope to the hollow. She guided him down to the center of the clearing and gave him his assignment after demonstrating how to hunt.

He was to bring back his first piece of prey by sunhigh, but he planned on bringing at least three. *I know what I'm doing. I **will** start truly providing for my clan today.*

Light flickered through the thick leaf canopy over the forest, as Firepaw stalked forward. Before he knew it, there was a vole in his jaws. *Third piece of prey, and I still have time before I have to bring my prey back to Bluestar.* He buried the vole and then sniffed the air with his mouth open. He smelled the scent of something.. Not prey though...

..ShadowClan! He growled, remembering how Brokenstar attacked their camp, and more recently, how he helped Tigerstar attack Sandstorm. But wait.. *That kind of smells like.. Yellowfang? Well, I guess today is the day she comes to camp.* Slowly, keeping himself downwind, he followed Yellowfang's scent.

Soon, he found the old and frail she-cat lurking through the forest. Firepaw revealed himself with a meow, "Hello, Yellowfang." He came out of the bush he was stalking her from.

The pale and gray former medicine cat hissed at Firepaw. "Who are you? Stay back!" she growled defensively.

Firepaw showed no signs of fear as he spoke, "My name is Firepaw. I won't harm you so long as you don't attack me and you leave ThunderClan's territory. *Now.*" Truthfully, he didn't want Yellowfang to leave, and he knew she wouldn't. *She's just as stubborn as me, if not worse.*

Yellowfang scoffed, "Who is going to make me? You?" She glared at him as if he was joking. "No, I think I'll stay until I feel like leaving."

"Are you sure you want to fight?" Firepaw was going to keep his paws sheathed, and he was mostly going to play defense. "You seem to underestimate me."

Yellowfang didn't say anything else, and looked as if she was about to attack. Firepaw prepared for her to pounce, which she did. However, he easily dodged and struck her leg with a sheathed paw. This put her off balance and she stumbled as she landed, but she didn't fall. Instead, she circled around him slowly.

She mocked him, "Why aren't you using your claws? Are you too scared?" She smirked, but slowly her expression turned to a frown as she realized he wasn't intimidated or agitated whatsoever.

Instead, Firepaw gave a determined smile as he spoke. "Just leave and I won't do anything to you. Brokenstar may be a monster, framing you for the horrible actions he did." This earned a shocked gasp from Yellowfang, but before she could speak, she was interrupted as Firepaw continued. "Don't worry, I'm the only one in ThunderClan who knows. I won't tell any of them, not yet at least." *That first part was a lie.. It's not like the others will tell anyone either, though.*

The she-cat looked at Firepaw with disbelief and muttered, "I can't have anyone knowing what happened." Yellowfang growled, before leaping at the tom again. Firepaw simply jumped into Yellowfang, stopping her and swiftly forcing her onto the ground. He got off of her, but the former ShadowClan medicine cat attacked

once again. She was attempting to go for his throat with her right paw but he smacked it away with his left paw before landing a blow to her shoulder with his right, knocking her to the ground. She tried to get up, but her legs gave way. She was tired, injured, and hungry. The flame colored tom felt bad for what had happened to her.

She looked at him angrily and hissed, "If I was in better condition you would be crowfood right now!" She waited for a final blow but it didn't come, so she meowed. "Well? Aren't you going to finish me off?"

Firepaw spoke calmly, "That is not the warrior code. Stay there, not that you have a choice." With that, he left the small clearing he found her in. Yellowfang thought he was getting warriors or Bluestar, but she was quite wrong. He came back with a freshly killed rabbit in his mouth, and he dropped it right in front of her. "You need food, I know you do. Either way, it's quite obvious." He looked down at the fragile figure he thought of as a grandmother or aunt before he continued. "It's ironic. This isn't exactly the warrior code either, but I'm doing it anyways. I know I can get in trouble for this, but I don't care."

Yellowfang remained silent and instead of talking she simply enjoyed the meal in front of her. She finished it quickly, and pretty soon they both heard warriors coming their way. Glaring at him for a second, she meowed in a sly manner, "So long! Thanks for the free meal!" She tried getting up and running but she just fell back down. "Ugh! This leg stiffened up while I've been resting!"

Firepaw turned to see Bluestar, Lionheart, Willowpelt, and Graypaw entering the clearing. Yellowfang seemed afraid to see them, which Firepaw understood. Bluestar looked at the old gray cat, then the rabbit bones, and then Firepaw. "I assume you have good reason for breaking the warrior code, Firepaw?"

The flame colored tom stared at Bluestar before meowing, "She was tired and hungry. I know I have broken the warrior code and I'm willing to face any punishment you give me." He paused for a moment before remembering something else. "I have caught three pieces of freshkill to bring to the clan as well beforehand."

The other cats in the clearing, save Graypaw, were stunned at the apprentice's words. Bluestar spoke again, "You are extremely unusual, Firepaw. You have my permission to go and fetch the freshkill, wherever you have left it, but return back to camp right after."

Afterwards, a pale gray she-cat spoke up. "Bluestar, forgive me, but shouldn't he be punished?"

Bluestar glared at her, "He will be, but that will come at camp." She turned to Yellowfang. "As for you, we are going to take you to our camp as well."

Lionheart, Willowpelt, and Yellowfang all looked slightly shocked. Lionheart spoke up, "Bluestar, Yellowfang could reveal our secrets to ShadowClan. We shouldn't be taking her to the heart of ThunderClan."

The blue-gray she-cat stared at Lionheart, "I understand your concern, Lionheart, however, I doubt ShadowClan's medicine cat would leave without reason. Besides, have you thought about the secrets *she* could reveal to *us?*"

Yellowfang hissed, "I won't betray my clan for you!"

Bluestar turned to her, "Perhaps you were exiled then. Either way, you're still coming to camp with us." She ordered Lionheart and Willowpelt to guard Yellowfang to make sure she doesn't try and escape when they begin to walk.

The frail old she-cat growled at them before meowing to Bluestar, "What happened to me is of no concern to you. Mind your own business!"

Bluestar simply told Firepaw to collect the freshkill he caught and then head back to camp. "Come on, we're going back to camp," she meowed to the group. Before long, they were back.

(AN) I hope you all enjoyed these last two chapters! I've been debating on whether or not to continue but I'm going to try and push through to complete this fanfiction. Even if it takes

like 50 chapters since I'm going through the entire first arc!

Once again, have a good day/night! :)

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry to anybody who was hoping for the story to continue, but I just can't bring myself to write it anymore... I no longer plan on updating this fanfiction, but I may continue randomly if I find the motivation somehow.

I thank everybody who has supported me along the way, and I hope all of you have a good rest of your day/night.

Goodbye, at least for now.

P.S, I will likely still be active on Wattpad at times but not to write.